

Andrea

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Summary: A funny parody about a Poltergeist.

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>
Jade sat up in her bed. It was happening again. This was the 5th time it had happened since the Lorenzo's had moved into their old San Francisco house.

>Things had been moved around. Books were scattered on the floor, her clothes were off their hangers. Suddenly her water glass flew off her bedside table and spilled over her duvet. Jade's eyes widened. It was appearing again. She could even feel her bed trembleâ€|as though somebody was trying to tip her out of it.
"MUM" cried Jade. Jade's Mother rushed in â€" she hadn't been asleep either.

>"Mum, it's happening again! I think Andrea's playing around." Jade whimpered.
Mrs Lorenzo held her daughter's hand.

>"It won't last long" she told her. "It will go away in a few minutes."
"What if it doesn't?" Jade asked quietly. "What if it carried onâ€|throwing stuff around? It's really starting to scare me, Mum, and I want it to go away!"

>Mrs Lorenzo gave her daughter a hug. "It always goes away eventually, doesn't it? And it hasn't done much damage this time."
Contradicting her, Jade's beautiful glass horse statue topped off the shelf, smashing into a million pieces on the bedroom floor. Jade burst into tears.

>"You have to stop it! I don't like it anymore!"
Mrs Lorenzo knew the time had come. She had to call in a specialist, someone who had dealt with this sort of thing. It wouldn't be easy to find a person who would take her seriously, and they'd probably have to pay a rather unattractive amount. But Mrs Lorenzo was as scared as her daughter. This thing kept coming back, doing more damage each time, laughing in their faces.

>"I'll try and get hold of someone first thing tomorrow morning, honey", Mrs Lorenzo told her daughter. "Try and ignore it â€" the more you think about it, the worse it seems."
"Thanks mum", replied Jade, climbing back into her shaking bed. "If I get too

scared, can I sleep in your room?"

>"Of course you can dear. Good night."
"Good night mum".

>
The next morning, Mrs Lorenzo hurriedly punched in the phone number she'd managed to find.

>"Hello, David Moore's building company? My name is Susan Lorenzo â€" I've had some trouble with some the foundations of this house, they're rather old and I think they're falling apart! It's not helping we're on the San Andres anyway. Do you think you can give us your assessment? <div>

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